

ORATION DELIVERED AT PARIS BY CITIZEN CARNOT, PRESIDENT OF THE EXECUTIVE DIRECTORY, AT THE FESTIVAL OF GRATITUDE AND VICTORY, CELEBRATED AT THE CHAMP-DE-MARS, MAY 29, 1796.

IT is at the moment when nature is renovated, when the earth, adorned with flowers and dressed in green, promises new harvests; when all beings proclaim in their own language, the beneficent Intelligence which renovates the universe, that the French people assemble, on this great festival, to render a distinguished homage to those talents and virtues of the friends of the country and humanity. What day can better unite all hearts! What citizen, what man can be a stranger to the influence of gratitude! We exist only through an uninterrupted course of beneficence, and our life is but a continual exchange of services.

As soon as born, our eyes, fixed on the heavens, appear already to acknowledge a primary Benefactor. Weak, without support, the love of our parents watches over our infancy, and provides for wants continually renewed. They direct our first steps; their patient solicitude assists in developing our organs; we receive from them our first ideas of what we are ourselves, and of surrounding objects. Additional care models our hearts to affection, our minds to knowledge, and our bodies to useful labor. It is for our happiness, that the wise have reflected on the duties of man; that the learned have divined into the secrets of nature; that the magistrate watches, and that the legislator prepares in deliberation protecting laws.

Soon we are enabled to be useful. Good children, we strew flowers over the age of our parents, and their trembling voice blesses us in their last moments. Become parents in our turn, we prepare, in the education of our children, the felicity of our declining years; and

and we thus continue in a new generation the chain of benevolence and gratitude. Sensibility is not restricted within the family circle; the indigent is searched for under the thatch; succours and consolation are lavished; and the donor, at first paid for the good action by the pleasure of having performed it, is doubly rewarded by the gratitude of the object. Benevolence! how happy are thy votaries, and how much to be pitied, the soul that knows thee not!

He who is a good son and a good father is also a good citizen. He loves his country; renders with alacrity the tribute of services; he delights in returning to his brothers the protection he has received from them. Either magistrate or warrior, manufacturer or farmer; in the temple of the arts; in the Senate; in the fields of glory, or the workshops of industry, he shows himself ambitious of contributing towards the prosperity of his country, and to deserve one day its gratitude. For there is a national gratitude for individuals. At this moment a people are all assembled to express their gratitude to the virtuous citizens who have deserved it. How agreeable is the task! How we delight in paying you that homage; you to whom the country owes its safety, its glory, and the foundation of its prosperity!

You, to whom France owes its political regeneration; courageous philosophers, whose writings have planted the seeds of the revolution, corroded the fetters of slavery, and blunted by degrees the ravings of fanaticism. You, citizens, whose dauntless courage effected this happy revolution; founded the republic, and contended these seven years against crime and ambition, royalism and anarchy. You all, in a word, who labor to render France happy and flourishing; who render it illustrious by your talents, and enrich it by your discoveries; receive the solemn testimony of national gratitude.

Receive that testimony particularly, republican armies; you, whose glory and successes are fresh in the recollection

recollection of all. It is you who have defended us against ten combined kings; who have driven them from our territory; have transferred to their dominions the scourge of war. You have not only conquered men; you have overcome the obstacle thrown in your way by nature. You have triumphed over fatigue, hunger, and winter. What a spectacle for the people! what a dreadful lesson to the enemies of liberty!

A new-born republic arms its children to defend its independence; nothing can restrain their impetuosity; traversing rivers, carrying entrenchments, climbing rocks. Here, after a series of victories; they pushed back our limits to those barriers that nature intended for us, and pursuing, over ice the remains of three armies, transformed an oppressed and hostile nation into a free and allied people. There they fly to exterminate the hordes of traitors and villains; subsidized by England; punish their thieves, and restore to the republic brothers too long misled. Here, surmounting the Pyrenees, and precipitating themselves from their summit; overthrowing whatever opposes their progress, and checked only by an honorable peace; there ascending the Alps and Appenines, they fly across the Po and Adige.

The ardor of the soldier is seconded by the genius and boldness of the chiefs. They plan with science, and execute with energy; now displaying their forces with calmness; then courting danger at the head of their brothers in arms. Oh that I could here display the immense and glorious picture of their victories! that I could name our most intrepid defenders! What a crowd of sublime images and beloved names press upon my recollection! Immortal warriors, posterity will not believe the multitude of your triumphs; but to us history loses all its improbabilities.

But do we not see, even on this spot, a portion of those brave defenders? Victors over the exterior enemies of the state, they have come to repress our internal enemies; and preserve at home the republic
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which they have caused to be respected abroad. Do we not also see those venerable warriors who have grown grey in the service; those whom honorable wounds have obliged to seek premature repose, and whose asylum is in sight? With what pleasure our eyes feed on this interesting reunion! With what agreeable emotions we contemplate those victorious brows!

Heroes who have perished for liberty, why does there remain to us nothing but a recollection of your services? You will, however, live forever in our hearts; your children will be dear to us; the republic will repay to them the debt they owe to you; and we discharge here the first, by proclaiming your glory and our gratitude. Republican armies, represented here, by warriors from your ranks; invincible phalanxes, whose trophies I observe on all sides, whose fresh successes I foresee, come forward and receive the triumphal crowns which the French people command me to attach to your colours.

ADDRESS OF MR. ADET, FRENCH AMBASSADOR, ON
PRESENTING THE COLOURS OF FRANCE, TO THE
UNITED STATES, 1796.

MR. PRESIDENT,

I COME to acquit myself of a duty very dear to my heart. I come to deposit in your hands, and in the midst of a people justly renowned for their courage, and their love of liberty, the symbol of the triumph and the enfranchisement of my nation.

When she broke her chain; when she proclaimed the imprescriptible rights of man; when, in a terrible war, she sealed with her blood the covenant made with liberty, her own happiness was not alone the object of her glorious efforts; her views extended also to all free people; she saw their interests blended with her

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own, and doubly rejoiced in her victories, which, in assuring to her the enjoyments of her rights, became to them new guarantees of their independence.

These sentiments, which animated the French nation, from the dawn of their revolution, have acquired new strength since the foundation of the republic. France, at that time, by the form of its government, assimilated to, or rather identified with free people, saw in them only friends and brothers. Long accustomed to regard the American people as their most faithful allies, she has sought to draw closer the ties already formed in the fields of America, under the auspices of victory over the ruins of tyranny.

The National Convention, the organs of the will of the French Nation, have more than once expressed their sentiments to the American people; but above all, these burst forth on that august day, when the Minister of the United States presented to the National Representation, the colours of his country, desiring never to lose recollections as dear to Frenchmen as they must be to Americans. The Convention ordered that these colours should be placed in the hall of their sittings. They had experienced sensations too agreeable not to cause them to be partaken of by their allies, and decreed that to them the national colours should be presented.

Mr. President, I do not doubt their expectations will be fulfilled; and I am convinced, that every citizen will receive, with a pleasing emotion, this flag, elsewhere the terror of the enemies of liberty; here the certain pledge of faithful friendship; especially when they recollect that it guides to combat, men who have shared their toils, and who were prepared for liberty, by aiding them to acquire their own.

PRESIDENT

PRESIDENT WASHINGTON'S ANSWER.

BORN, Sir, in a land of liberty; having early learned its value; having engaged in a perilous conflict to defend it; having, in a word, devoted the best years of my life to secure it a permanent establishment in my own country; my anxious recollections, my sympathetic feelings, and my best wishes are irresistibly excited, whensoever, in any country, I see an oppressed nation unfurl the banners of freedom. But above all, the events of the French revolution have produced the deepest solicitude, as well as the highest admiration. To call your nation brave, were to pronounce but common praise. **WONDERFUL PEOPLE!** ages to come will read with astonishment the history of your brilliant exploits.

I rejoice that the period of your toils and of your immense sacrifices is approaching. I rejoice that the interesting revolutionary movements of so many years have issued in the formation of a constitution designed to give permanency to the great object for which you have contended. I rejoice that liberty, which you have so long embraced with enthusiasm; liberty, of which you have been the invincible defenders, now finds an asylum in the bosom of a regularly organized government: a government, which, being formed to secure the happiness of the French people, corresponds with the ardent wishes of my heart, while it gratifies the pride of every citizen of the United States, by its resemblance of their own. On these glorious events accept, Sir, my sincere congratulations.

In delivering to you these sentiments, I express not my own feelings only, but those of my fellow-citizens, in relation to the commencement, the progress, and the issue of the French revolution; and they will cordially join with me in purest wishes to the Supreme Being, that the citizens of our sister republic, our mag-

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unanimous allies, may soon enjoy, in peace, that liberty, which they have purchased at so great a price, and all the happiness which liberty can bestow.

I receive, Sir, with lively sensibility, the symbol of the triumphs and of the enfranchisements of your nation, the colours of France, which you have now presented to the United States. The transaction will be announced to Congress; and the colours will be deposited with those archives of the United States, which are at once the evidences and the memorials of their freedom and independence. May these be perpetual; and may the friendship of the two republics be commensurate with their existence.

THE OPPRESSIVE LANDLORD.

Enter DON PHILIP and WIFE.

Don Philip. WELL, my dear, I have warned all the families out of my long range of buildings, and ordered them to pay double the rent they have done, for every day they remain. From every new tenant I am determined to have three times the sum. The present rent will never do in these times. Our children will become beggars at this rate; and you and I shall have to betake ourselves to hand labour like the *common herd*, to earn our daily bread.

Wife. But I fear that some of our tenants are too poor to endure a rent, double to what they now pay; and I am certain it will be impossible for them all to remove, on account of the scarcity of houses to be obtained.

Don P. That is not my look out. It is enough for me to attend to my *own* interest, not theirs.

Wife. But you will exercise a little lenity towards them, at this distressing time. I am persuaded, my dear, that you will not turn them into the street. Besides, it is thought by some, that they already pay a reasonable rent.

Don P.

Don P. I have nothing to do with lenity. Woman, would you not have your husband be looking out against a rainy day? What would become of you, and your children, if I were to spend my time in studying *lenity*, instead of my *interest-table*? I tell you, that now is the harvest time, and I am determined to thrust in the sickle, and reap my proportion of the crop, before the season's over. The town is crowded with foreigners who are exiled from their homes, and necessity obliges them to pay whatever price is demanded, for a shelter to cover their heads.

Wife. Would you then profit by the necessities and misfortunes of your fellow creatures? These exiles are entitled to our compassion, instead of experiencing our oppression.

Don P. You talk like a poor weak woman. Did I not tell you that I had nothing to do with other people's good or ill fortune? It is more than I can do to take care of my own dependants. We should make fine way ahead, if you were at helm. I believe in my conscience, that, if you possessed the keys of the strong box, you would squander away to the full amount of a pistareen a week upon these poor starving runaways. I have not yet forgotten how you lavished a whole gallon of cider upon those three miserable wretches that cleared out our well, the day before thanksgiving. Does this look like taking a prudent care of your family? Pray how do you read your Bible? Has not Nebuchadnezzar said, that "He, who provides not for his own household, has denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel?"

Wife. If you had studied your Bible as faithfully as you have your *interest-table*, you would not have put St. Paul's words into the mouth of the king of Babylon. Does not the same scripture say, that "He who oppresseth the poor, and——"

Don P. Hush, I say; one of my tenants approaches. Banish your womanish feelings; and let not your unruly tongue betray your weakness.

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Enter TENANT.

Ten. Sir, I come to inform you, that I have at last been fortunate enough to procure a shelter for my family, though an indifferent one; and have brought you the rent of your tenement, which I quitted with reluctance yesterday.

Don P. It is well you are out; for you would have met with trouble, if you had remained three days longer. I had ordered my attorney to give directions to an officer to tumble all your goods into the street, and you and your children after them.

Ten. Then a good Providence has preserved us.

Don P. Providence has smiled upon me, I confess, in granting me such a riddance.

Ten. I contend not with an adversary who is mantled in gold. Will you please to count your money, and give me a discharge?

Don P. [*Counts the money.*] Why, man, the sum is deficient; I cannot receipt it.

Ten. It is the same, Sir, as I paid the last term.

Don P. That is very true; but did I not double the rent three days ago?

Ten. You did, indeed; but my reply was, that I was utterly unable to pay a higher price; and as the time was so short, I thought you would not stand for trifles.

Don P. Trifles! If you were to receive it, I believe you would not call it a trifle; neither do I. I demand the utmost farthing.

Ten. For the sake of peace, though I think your demand unjust, I will take your receipt for this, and bring the remainder to-morrow.

Don P. Not a cent will I receive without the whole, lest by some quibble of the law I lose the rest.

Ten. Your avaricious disposition leads you to act contrary to your own interest.

Don P. I shall not apply to you for lessons of instruction. I shall conduct my own affairs according to my sovereign will and pleasure. Let me tell you, Sir,
this

this impudence does not well become a man of your circumstances.

Ten. "Sir, your honored father never used me thus." Alas! he little thought in what oppressive hands he left his large estate. Could he be permitted to revisit the earth, his ghost would haunt your guilty soul; and, if you have any conscience left, harrow up remorse, and awaken you to repentance.

Don P. I did not admit a tenant into my house to hear a moral lecture from him.

Ten. If you will take your money, I will quit your house with pleasure. But before we part, give me leave to tell you, that, though your great wealth has exalted you above yourself, and, in your own opinion, placed you beyond the reach of poverty, the time *may* come when you will *feel* what oppression is.

Wife. I entreat you to receive the money, and be content.

Don P. A woman, who can't be silent in her husband's presence, especially when he is negotiating important business, may take a modest hint to leave the room. [*Exit Wife.*]

Ten. If you are resolved not to receive your money, I must carry it home again. And I hope the time is not far distant, when I shall be out of the reach of your oppressive hands. [*Exit.*]

Don P. [*Solus.*] Every man I deal with is trying to cheat me. Mankind are by nature all knaves. I am afraid to trust even my best friends. What an affliction it is to have property! The poor always think that the rich are bound to maintain them, and are never satisfied with what is done for them. My tenants would be glad to live in my houses rent free if they could. This, I am persuaded, they learned of my father; but I'll soon teach them to expect different things. Rather than matters should go on at such loose ends, I'll sell every one of my buildings, and put the money in bank. My mind is constantly on the stretch to contrive ways and means to preserve what little

title I possess. It is well my father left his property to me. Had he left it to one of only *common* understanding, these plotting tenants would have run away with the whole of it.

Enter second TENANT.

2d. Tenant. Sir, I appear before you to crave your compassion. I am the most unfortunate of all your tenants. My misfortune is, to be obliged to remain in your house, after it is your pleasure that I should leave it.

Don P. To-morrow I will cure you of your misfortune; for if you cannot get out yourself, I will help you out.

2d. Ten. Why may I not remain? It may be for your interest as well as mine. I have ever made you punctual payment; and stand ready now to give as much as any other man, or as much as your conscience will suffer you to demand.

Don P. My will and pleasure is, that you depart immediately. My reasons for my conduct I give to no man.

2d. Ten. But, Sir, I have a claim upon your mercy. You are not insensible of the pains I've taken to accomplish what you wish. Necessity is the only reason why I ask this favour. One special reason why you ought to grant it is, that I am now in your service with the same salary as in years past; when your good father was satisfied with one fourth the sum his craving son demands. I have been, you must allow, a faithful slave to your children. They have long received, and still receive my best instruction, without an augmentation of reward. If you will not hear the plea of mercy, grant me justice. If you increase your price of rent, increase my pay.

Don P. I meddle not with your affairs. Look out for your pay among your employers. I am but one among many, and promise you that I shall not be foremost to enhance the price of instruction, while children are so numerous. My houses are my own. I bought them

them with my own money; and shall dispose of them at my own pleasure.

2d. Ten. You speak as though you were lord of the creation, and had the world at your command.

Don P. I am lord of my own possessions; and shall not ask my tenants how I am to dispose of them.

2d. Ten. Did you ever read, that "Riches take to themselves wings, and fly away?"

Don P. I am not apprehensive that any wings are attached to my property.

2d. Ten. Your mountain may not stand so strong as you think it does. The cries of the fatherless and the widow, who have groaned under your oppression, have reached the heavens, and you have reason to fear they will be answered with vengeance on your head. Did you but believe in a future day of retribution, as you have impiously professed, you would seriously engage in the work of repentance and reformation; which, let me tell you, it is presumption to neglect.

Re-enter first TENANT with a LAWYER.

1st. Ten. I pray you to accept your money, and give me a discharge.

Don P. I told you, not a cent, till the whole amount was paid.

Law. That is sufficient. The law allows no force in paying debts. Every creditor has an undoubted right to refuse his money, when offered by his debtor. This he has done before witness. I now declare it forfeit. Keep it as your own.

Don P. Rogues will always combine against honest men. The whole world are endeavouring to cheat me out of my lawful earnings. My best friends have become my worst enemies.

Law. You have no friends; nor will you ever have, so long as you make an idol of your own dear self.

Don P. My property is my best friend, and one which I trust will never forsake me.

[Cry of fire without.]

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Enter SERVANT in haste.

Ser. Sir, your long row of buildings is all in flames!

Don P. Impossible!—They were all to be insured to-morrow.

Ser. It is seriously true! and the roofs are now tumbling to the ground!

Don P. Then immediately call all hands, and put fire to this, and every other building I possess; that they may all go to destruction together.

2d. Ten. That looks something like giving wings to your riches.

Don P. If I had had one thimble full of brains, I should have got them insured before. O horrible catastrophe! Not only wicked men and devils, but even the elements themselves have turned against me.

Law. Compose yourself, dear Sir. Your best friend won't be so cruel as to forsake you, at this critical moment.

Don P. Is my money safe? If that is burnt, I'll burn myself. Oh that I had permitted my tenants to remain, that they and their property might all have perished in the flames together!

LORD MANSFIELD'S SPEECH, IN SUPPORT OF A BILL FOR PREVENTING DELAYS OF JUSTICE, BY REASON OF PRIVILEGE OF PARLIAMENT, 1770.

MY LORDS,

I HAVE waited with patience to hear what arguments might be urged against the bill; but I have waited in vain; the truth is, there is no argument that can weigh against it. The justice and expediency of the bill are such as render it self-evident. It is a proposition of that nature, that can neither be weakened by argument, nor entangled with sophistry.

We all know, that the very soul and essence of trade are regular payments; and sad experience teaches us, that

that there are men, who will not make their regular payments without the compulsive power of the laws. The law then ought to be equally open to all. Any exemption to particular men, or particular ranks of men, is, in a free and commercial country, a solecism of the grossest nature.

I will not trouble your lordships with arguments for that which is sufficiently evident without any. I shall only say a few words to some noble lords, who foresee much inconveniency from the persons of their servants being liable to be arrested. One noble lord observes, that the coachman of a peer may be arrested while he is driving his master to the House; and, consequently, he will not be able to attend his duty in Parliament. If this were actually to happen, there are so many ways by which the member might still get to the House, that I can hardly think the noble lord is serious in his objection. Another noble peer said, that by this bill we might lose our most valuable and honest servants. This I hold to be a contradiction in terms: for he can neither be a valuable servant, nor an honest man, who gets into debt which he is neither able nor willing to pay, till compelled by law.

If my servant, by unforeseen accidents, has run into debt, and I still wish to retain him, I certainly would pay the debt. But upon no principle of liberal legislation whatever, can my servant have a title to set his creditors at defiance, while for forty shillings only, the honest tradesman may be torn from his family, and locked up in a jail. It is monstrous injustice! I flatter myself, however, the determination of this day will entirely put an end to all such partial proceedings for the future, by passing into a law the bill now under your lordships' consideration.

I come now to speak, upon what, indeed, I would have gladly avoided, had I not been particularly pointed at for the part I have taken in this bill. It has been said by a noble lord on my left hand, that I likewise am running the race of popularity. If the noble

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lord means by popularity, that applause bestowed by after-ages on good and virtuous actions, I have long been struggling in that race. But if he mean that mushroom popularity, which is raised without merit and lost without a crime, he much mistakes in his opinion.

I defy the noble lord to point out a single action of my life, where the popularity of the times ever had the smallest influence on my determinations. I have a more permanent and steady rule for my conduct, the dictates of my own breast. Those who have forgone that pleasing adviser, and given up their mind to be the slave of every popular impulse, I sincerely pity. I pity them still more, if their vanity leads them to mistake the shouts of a mob for the trumpet of fame. Experience might inform them, that many who have been saluted with the huzzas of a crowd, one day, have received their execrations the next; and many, who, by the popularity of their times, have been held up as spotless patriots, have, nevertheless, appeared upon the historian's page, when truth has triumphed over delusion, the assassins of liberty.

Why then the noble lord can think I am ambitious of present popularity, that echo of folly, and shadow of renown, I am at a loss to determine. Besides, I do not know that the bill now before your lordships will be popular. It depends much upon the caprice of the day. It may not be popular to compel people to pay their debts; and, in that case, the present must be a very unpopular bill. It may not be popular neither to take away any of the privileges of parliament; for I very well remember, and many of your lordships may remember, that not long ago the popular cry was for the extension of privilege; and so far did they carry it at that time, that it was said that the privilege protected members even in criminal actions. Nay, such was the power of popular prejudices over weak minds, that the very decisions of some of the courts were tainted with that doctrine.

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It was undoubtedly an abominable doctrine. I thought so then, and think so still: but nevertheless, it was a popular doctrine, and came immediately from those who were called the friends of liberty; how deservedly, time will show. True liberty, in my opinion, can only exist when justice is equally administered to all; to the king, and to the beggar. Where is the justice, then, or where is the law, that protects a member of parliament more than any other man, from the punishment due to his crimes? The laws of this country allow of no place, nor any employment, to be a sanctuary for crimes; and where I have the honor to sit as judge, neither royal favour, nor popular applause shall ever protect the guilty.

EXTRACT FROM A SERMON ON THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

LET us endeavour to realize the majesty and terror of the universal alarm on the final Judgment Day. When the dead are sleeping in the silent grave; when the living are thoughtless and unapprehensive of the grand event, or intent on other pursuits; some of them asleep in the dead of night; some of them dissolved in sensual pleasures, eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage; some of them planning or executing schemes for riches or honors; some in the very act of sin; the generality stupid and careless about the concerns of eternity, and the dreadful day just at hand; and a few here and there conversing with their God, and looking for the glorious appearance of their Lord and Saviour; when the course of nature runs on uniform and regular as usual, and infidel scoffers are taking umbrage from thence to ask, "Where is the promise of his coming?" In short, when there are no more visible appearances of this approaching day, than of the destruction of Sodom, on that clear morning in which Lot fled away; or of the deluge, when Noah entered

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tered into the ark: then, in that hour of unapprehensive security, then suddenly shall the heavens open over the astonished world; then shall the alarming clangor break over their heads like a clap of thunder in a clear sky.

Immediately the living turn their gazing eyes upon the amazing phenomenon: some hear the long-expected sound with rapture, and lift up their heads with joy, assured that the day of their redemption is come; while the thoughtless world are struck with the wildest horror and consternation. In the same instant the sound reaches all the mansions of the dead; and in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, they are raised, and the living are changed. This call will be as animating to all the sons of men, as that call to a single person, "Lazarus, come forth." O what a surprise will this be to the thoughtless world! Should this alarm burst over our heads this moment, into what a terror would it strike many in this assembly? Such will be the terror, such the consternation, when it actually comes to pass. Sinners will be the same timorous, self-condemned creatures then as they are now. And then they will not be able to stop their ears, who are deaf to all the gentler calls of the gospel now.

Then the trump of God will constrain them to hear and fear, to whom the ministers of Christ now preach in vain. Then they must all hear; for, "all that are in their graves," all without exception, "shall hear his voice." Now the voice of mercy calls, reason pleads, conscience warns; but multitudes will not hear. But this is a voice which shall, which must reach every one of the millions of mankind, and not one of them will be able to stop his ears. Infants and giants, kings and subjects, all ranks, all ages of mankind shall hear the call. The living shall start and be changed, and the dead rise at the sound. The dust that was once alive and formed a human body, whether it lies in the air, floats in the ocean, or vegetates on earth, shall hear the new-creating fiat. Wherever the fragments of the human frame are scattered, this all penetrating call shall

shall reach and speak them into life. We may consider this voice as a summons not only to dead bodies to rise, but to the souls that once animated them, to appear and be re-united to them.

This summons shall spread through every corner of the universe; and Heaven, Earth, and Hell, and all their inhabitants, shall hear and obey. Now methinks I see, I hear the earth heaving, charnel houses rattling, tombs bursting, graves opening. Now the nations under ground begin to stir. There is a noise and a shaking among the dry bones. The dust is all alive, and in motion, and the globe breaks and trembles, as with an earthquake, while this vast army is working its way through, and bursting into life. The ruins of human bodies are scattered far and wide, and have passed through many, and surprising transformations. A limb in one country, and another in another; here the head, and there the trunk; and the ocean rolling between.

And now, at the sound of the trumpet, they shall all be collected, wherever they were scattered; all properly sorted and united, however they were confused; atom to its fellow atom, bone to its fellow bone. Now methinks you may see the air darkened with fragments of bodies, flying from country to country, to meet and join their proper parts:

———— "Scatter'd limbs and all
The various bones obsequious to the call,
Self-mov'd, advance; the neck perhaps to meet
The distant head, the distant legs, the feet.
Dreadful to view, see through the dusky sky
Fragments of bodies in confusion fly,
To distant regions journeying, there to claim
Deserted members, and complete the frame.
The sever'd head and trunk shall join once more,
Though realms now rise between, and oceans roar.
The trumpet's sound each vagrant mote shall hear,
Or fix'd in earth, or if afloat in air,
Obey the signal, wafted in the wind,
And not one sleeping atom lag behind."

CHRIST

CHRIST TRIUMPHANT OVER THE APOSTATE ANGELS.

SO spake the Son, and into terror chang'd
 His count'nance, too severe to be beheld;
 And full of wrath bent on his enemies.
 At once the Four spread out their starry wings
 With dreadful shade contiguous, and the orbs
 Of his fierce chariot roll'd, as with the sound
 Of torrent floods, or of a numerous host.
 He on his impious foes right onward drove,
 Gloomy as night; under his burning wheels
 The stedfast empyrean shook throughout,
 All but the throne itself of God. Full soon
 Among them he arriv'd, in his right hand
 Grasping ten thousand thunders, which he sent
 Before him, such as in their souls infix'd
 Plagues; they, astonish'd, all resistance lost,
 All courage; down their idle weapons dropt;
 O'er shields, and helms, and helmed heads, he rode,
 Of thrones and mighty seraphim prostrate,
 That wish'd the mountains now might be again
 Thrown on them as a shelter from his ire.

Nor less on either side tempestuous fell
 His arrows, from the fourfold-visag'd Four
 Distinct with eyes, and from the living wheels
 Distinct alike with multitude of eyes;
 One spirit in them rul'd, and ev'ry eye
 Glar'd lightning, and shot forth pernicious fire
 Among the accurs'd, that wither'd all their strength,
 And of their wonted vigour left them drain'd,
 Exhausted, spiritless, afflicted, fall'n.
 Yet half his strength he put not forth, but check'd
 His thunder in mid volley; for he meant
 Not to destroy, but root them out of Heav'n.
 The overthrown he rais'd, and as a herd
 Of goats or tim'rous flock together throng'd,
 Drove them before him thunderstruck, pursued

With

With terrors and with furies to the bounds
 And crystal wall of Heav'n, which, opening wide,
 Roll'd inward, and a spacious gap disclos'd
 Into the wasteful deep; the monstrous sight
 Struck them with horror backward, but far worse
 Urg'd them behind; headlong themselves they threw
 Down from the verge of Heav'n; eternal wrath
 Burnt after them to the bottomless pit.

Hell heard th' unsufferable noise; Hell saw
 Heav'n ruining from Heav'n, and would have fled
 Affrighted! but strict fate had cast too deep
 Her dark foundations, and too fast had bound.
 Nine days they fell; confounded Chaos roar'd
 And felt tenfold confusion in their fall:
 Through his wild anarchy, so huge a rout
 Incumber'd him with ruin. Hell at last
 Yawning receiv'd them whole, and on them clos'd;
 Hell, their fit habitation, fraught with fire
 Unquenchable, the house of woe and pain.

Disburden'd Heav'n rejoic'd, and soon repair'd
 Her mural breach, returning whence it roll'd.
 Sole victor from the expulsion of his foes,
 Messiah his triumphal chariot turn'd:
 To meet him all his saints, who silent stood
 Eye-witnesses of his almighty acts,
 With jubilee advanc'd; and as they went,
 Shaded with branching palm, each order bright,
 Sung triumph, and him sung victorious King,
 Son, Heir, and Lord, to him dominion given
 Worthiest to reign. He, celebrated, rode
 Triumphant through mid Heav'n, into the courts
 And temple of his mighty Father, thron'd
 On high; who into glory him receiv'd,
 Where now he sits at the right hand of bliss.

I 2

SLAVES